

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*Memoirs of Painting, with a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures, by the Great Masters, into England, since the French Revolution.* By W. BUCHANAN, ESQ. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 761. London, 1824.

When as has been said of the collections of works of art in other countries, we much doubt that any nation equals England in this respect; nor is this extraordinary, since, within the last thirty years, a love of the fine arts has not only been rapidly spreading in this country, but the dispersion of the continental galleries, as well as those of Spain, has afforded an opportunity for possessing them which never occurred at any former period, while the pride and wealth of our nobility and gentry made them a desirable and an easy acquisition. No person knows this better than Mr. Buchanan, the author of the work before us, who, though only one of the many who have imported celebrated pictures into this country, has laboured more abundantly than they all. During the political storms which agitated Europe, those treasures of science and art which had long been the pride and glory of the states to which they belonged, were forced from their ancient sanctuaries: at this period, as Mr. Buchanan well observes:—

‘Great Britain alone presented a bulwark to which foreign nations looked with awe and with respect; and although at war with her, politically, they still confided in her honour and in her strength: they transmitted their monied wealth to her public funds, and their collections of art to private individuals, either for protection or to be disposed of for their use. The collections of Monsieur de Calonne, and of the Duke of Orleans, with many selections of the highest importance from the palaces of Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Genoa, which had escaped the plunder of an invading army, were imported into this country, and roused an emulation and a taste for the acquisition of works of art, which had been almost dormant in England since the days of its illustrious patron and protector, Charles the First.’

‘From this period may be dated a new and a distinct era in the art, with reference to modern times:—the collections of Great Britain, heretofore possessing but few genuine works of the Italian schools, were enabled to enrich themselves from their precious stores, and were soon placed on a par with those of Rome herself.’

To give an account of the importations of those works of art which have enriched this country since the commencement of the French revolution, is a principal object of Mr. Buchanan's work; and we know no one better qualified for the task, since he is not only an enthusiastic lover of the fine arts, but he is a gentleman to whom the country is indebted for many valuable collections, and separate pictures, which he imported at a risk which none but an ardent admirer of the arts would have incurred.

Mr. Buchanan's work is not a mere catalogue of pictures; on the contrary, it contains critical descriptions of the most celebrated paintings, and sketches of character of the most eminent painters, of the various schools. He commences with a brief but characteristic sketch of the several schools themselves, and then proceeds to an account of the Orleans collection, which was dispersed in 1792,—when Egalité, of infamous memory, disposed of his magnificent collection of pictures, (the Gallery of the Palais Royal), in order, by the money they produced, to have the means of forwarding his political views. This gallery was always considered as one of the finest in Europe. The palace itself was ceded to the king, by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1639; and, subsequently, by Louis XIV. to Philip, his only brother, afterwards Regent of France, by whom the gallery of pictures was much increased, and rendered the most important private collection at that time existing in Europe:—

‘Philip, with the power which he possessed in the state, joined to his own wealth, had ample means afforded him of gratifying his taste, as well as his ambition. He employed some of the most celebrated artists of the day to select for him, by purchase, the finest works of the great masters which could be procured in the various countries of Europe, while many of the minor states, desiring to pay their court to him, made presents to the regent of such works as were likely to yield him satisfaction, or to secure his favour and protection,—and in general, the whole collection was formed upon the broad and liberal view of rendering it one of the most splendid and consequential in Europe!—Philip employed twenty years of his life in forming this magnificent gallery.’

‘Among the different pictures which were purchased for the regent, the prices which he paid for some of these have come down to us. For the celebrated picture of the Raising of Lazarus, now in the Angerstein collection, he paid to the chapter of monks, at Narbonne, the sum of 24,000 francs; a

sum certainly much under its value even in those days, when it is considered that, for the Seven Sacraments of Poussin, now in the Stafford Gallery, he paid 120,000 francs; and it was well known, that price never was the bar to the acquisition of whatever was truly excellent; the good fathers, no doubt, had their reasons for ceding this celebrated picture for so small a sum.

‘For the Saint Roch and Angel, by Ann. Caracci, which was formerly in the Church de St. Eustache of Paris, he paid 20,000 francs; and for the Saint John in the Desert, by Raphael, he paid likewise 20,000 francs; but it has been asserted, that had this last picture been indubitable, it must, even at that period, have cost four times that sum, as the works of Correggio, which cannot be placed above those of Raphael, were paid for in that proportion.’

When, in 1792, the Duke of Orleans determined on disposing of this collection, a banker of Bruxelles, named Walkuers, bought those of the Italian and French schools, at the price of 750,000 livres; and he again sold them to Monsieur Laborde de Mereville, a gentleman of fortune, for 900,000 francs. The storms of the revolution induced this gentleman to remove them to England, whither he was not fortunate enough to follow them, but fell a sacrifice to the revolutionary cause. The pictures of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools were also sold, in 1792, by the Duke of Orleans, to Thomas Moore Slade, Esq., for 350,000 francs, and were safely conveyed to this country.

The pictures of the Italian and French schools were afterwards purchased by Mr. Bryan, for the late Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Carlisle, and the present Marquis of Stafford, for 43,000l. These three noblemen, after selecting a certain portion of the pictures for their own private collections, determined to allow the remainder to be sold by private contract, under an exhibition to be made of the entire collection. The pictures reserved were estimated at 39,000 guineas. Those sold by private contract amounted to 31,000 guineas; while the residue, sold afterwards by Mr. Coxe, joined to the receipts of the exhibition (during six months), which were considerable, amounted to about 10,000l. more,—making the speculation a valuable one to the noble adventurers:—

‘On the first morning of opening for the private view to the principal amateurs, the late Mr. Angerstein became a purchaser of some of the most important pictures in the collection; in particular, of the Resurrection—



tion of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo, which he immediately, and without hesitation, secured, at the price demanded of 3500 guineas. The late Sir Francis Baring was likewise an early visitor, and named a certain number of those pictures which were marked for sale, as objects which would suit his taste. The price demanded was 10,000 guineas; the offer made was 10,000l. Mr. Bryan had no power to diminish. The worthy baronet would not advance, and the treaty was not concluded. This anecdote, which the author of these sketches had from Mr. Bryan himself, not only proves the off-handed decision and liberality which always mark the character of a British merchant, but the intrinsic value which was attached to the collection itself, the proprietors not admitting of the principle of naming a price greater than would actually be taken.

Mr. Buchanan gives a catalogue of the whole collection, with characteristic sketches of the various schools to which they belong, biographical notices of the several painters, and the prices at which the pictures sold, or were valued. To enter into these details would far exceed our limits, and therefore we refer to the work itself, from which, however, we shall glean some interesting facts. Mr. Buchanan, with an enthusiasm that is truly patriotic, is anxious that a great power, like England, should omit no opportunity of possessing works of art; he therefore regrets that, when four of the best works of Raphael were to be obtained, the persons to whom Mr. B. applied did not choose to run the risk of the acquisition.

Another picture of the same high class, by Raphael, which had been in the Escorial, —the Madonna, infant Christ, and St. John, was consigned to Mr. Buchanan, in 1813, but, after remaining several years in this country, was sold to the Prince Royal of Bavaria, for 5,000l. sterling. This prince was not the only munificent one:—

‘Augustus III., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, paid 17,000 ducats for the Raphael now in the Dresden Gallery, called the Madonna del Sisto—a sum equal to 8500l. He paid 1,200,000 thalers for the collection of pictures which belonged to the Dukes of Modena, a sum equal to 200,000l. sterling of our money. In that collection were five pictures by Correggio, which are now in the Dresden Gallery.’

Of the same prince we are afterwards told, that for—

‘The celebrated Magdalen of Correggio, a picture of twenty inches by fifteen, was paid 27,000 Roman crowns by Augustus III. King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, being equal to 6500l. sterling, a sum of much greater value in those days than has been given for any picture in modern times. It was, during his life-time, kept locked up in a case in his own private apartments. After his death it was placed in the Dresden Gallery, from whence it was stolen. It is said to have been afterwards restored; but whether the picture now shown in that gal-

lery may be the *veritable* Magdalen of Correggio, is matter of doubt.’

It is well known that the ‘fortune of war’ threw into the hands of the French generals many valuable pictures. Marshal Soult possesses eight Murillos, which he is anxious to sell, and applied to Mr. Buchanan for the purpose. Mr. B. applied to the British government to purchase them, but it has not yet done so:—

‘A spirited offer of 20,000 louis-d’or of the present currency of France (400,000 francs) was made for the four first of these pictures, by an English gentleman, and communicated to the marechal by the author of this work.—If, therefore, a private individual, knowing the high value and consequence of these pictures, could make an offer of such importance, as, however, has still been deemed inadequate to the value of these objects, of how much more importance must it be to the British public to secure these treasures while they are still attainable.’

Intending to return to these truly interesting and valuable volumes, we shall, for the present, conclude with an anecdote connected with the celebrated Cartoons of Raphael, which forms the first article in Mr. B.’s appendix:—

‘It had long been a matter of curiosity among amateurs of the works of Raphael to know what had become of the tapestries which were wrought at Arras, from the celebrated designs of that great master, known by the name of the Cartoons, and which were painted in distemper by order of Leo X. Six of these were discovered at Dresden, a few years ago, in consequence of the Cardinal Albani having expressed his opinion to the painter Casanova that they must exist somewhere or other about that court: as, from documents which existed at Rome, it appeared that Leo X. had made a present of seven of these tapestries, out of twenty-two which had been wrought at Arras, to the Elector of Saxony.

‘In consequence of these suggestions, which Casanova stated in his public lectures given at Dresden in 1814, the Baron de Racknitz, grand mareschal of the court, caused research to be made after these tapestries, and they were discovered rolled up in one of the garrets of the palace. Since that period, they have been cleaned with much care, and are now nearly as fresh and fine as when they were first wrought. The seventh of the set, after the design painted by Raphael himself, could not be discovered; and the other fifteen, which had been executed after designs of the scholars of Raphael, it would appear, had been presented by Leo to other courts; five of which were sent to Vienna.

‘In Peacham’s “Complete Gentleman,” another set of these tapestries is stated to have been in the possession of Charles I. which had been presented to Henry VIII. This set, on the dispersion of the royal collection of pictures, &c. by order of the Parliament, in 1649, was purchased for Spain, where it is said still to exist. It is probable that duplicates were wrought at Ar-

ras from the original designs. Those at Dresden possess much of the spirit and character of the original designs, and appeared in excellent condition when the author of these sketches saw them in 1818.’

*A Dictionary of Musicians, from the Earliest to the Present Time, comprising the most important Biographical Contents of the Works of Gerber, Choron, and Fayolle, Count Orloff, Dr. Burney, Sir John Hawkins, &c. &c. together with upwards of a Hundred Original Memoirs of the most eminent living Musicians, and Summary of the History of Music.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 963. London, 1824.

ALTHOUGH there are few countries in which vocal or instrumental performances of talent meet with so much encouragement as in England, yet foreigners will not allow us the claim of being a musical people. They will tell us, we suppose, that when Madame Catalani on visiting England, received upwards of ten thousand guineas in less than six months, it was curiosity, rather than a love of music, which thus induced all ranks to crowd to the theatre and the concert-rooms to witness her astonishing talents. Nor is this a solitary instance of great patronage to celebrated vocalists, as several professional ladies and gentlemen, natives as well as foreigners, can well testify.

So far, indeed, is this prejudice carried, that there is scarcely any mention of English musicians, either in the *Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens* of M. Fayolle, which appeared in 1811, or in either of the editions of Gerber’s *Historisch-Biographisches Lexicon des Tonkünstlers*, the last of which was printed in the year 1813. Both these works, are, however, excellent so far as relates to foreign musicians, particularly German and French. With regard to England and its composers, there was a blank which had not been filled up by any work of our own until the Dictionary of Musicians appeared.

Ten years have elapsed since the second edition of Gerber’s work was published, and, during that time, so many names have required to be added to the list of musicians, that a work embracing English as well as foreign artists became a desideratum. The editors of the present work, who, from their industry, we can readily believe, are enthusiastic in their love of all that relates to the art, have accumulated a vast body of biographical, historical, and scientific information. We say scientific, for in addition to the summary history of music, as an introduction to the work, the progress of the science is to be collected from the discoveries made by musicians, which appear to be carefully noticed under the respective names, while the list of their compositions, so far as they can be ascertained, is given at great length.

The History of Music is translated from the French of Alexandre Choron, and is very well and impartially done. Mr. Choron traces the history of music from the origin and formation of the modern system, up to the present time, and describes very

minutely the Italian schools; for, alas! to have a distinct manner of treating each a few passages; and first of all, in musical execution, have ever retained the rest of Europe a multitude of excellent examples that they have numbered; the respect arises from the which belong to the third is a native: these are the of the inhabitants of their rules. I causes at length, but observation made of Haydn: he said, many was certainly, Italian singers, those belonging to Gerbazy into Italy, secondly, with regard particularly the violi, Corelli, Tartini, and constructed all Europe and the same may Frescobaldi with regard we may add, with regard to the were indeed the chord, the bassoon, well as many other the use of them.’

Next of German ‘The culture of astonishing; even of a charity-school; no schoolmaster his profession teaching at least the some instruments. there are public and one is admitted where all the paid. Besides the education, being obtained by every even a man of the he does not require his industry to give him a good sense. From these that in general the numerous and methods of instruction as in Italy, they tend directly new words, is the of music in Germany been seen, possessed. Lastly of France ‘Of the three n spoken, it is in France generally cultivated the arts, the one least and the only one on lectures, an comes in almost



minutely the Italian, German, and French schools; for, alas! England is not allowed to have a distinct school of music. In order to give a specimen of Mr. Choron's manner of treating the subject, we shall attach a few passages from his summary history; and first of Italy:—

'In musical execution, the schools of Italy have ever retained a marked superiority over the rest of Europe: and first in singing; the multitude of excellent performers of both sexes that they have produced, can hardly be numbered; their superiority in this respect arises from three causes, the two first of which belong to them exclusively, and the third is a natural consequence of the others: these are the climate, the organization of the inhabitants, and the excellence of their rules. I cannot here speak of these causes at length, but shall simply mention the observation made on the first by the celebrated Haydn: he said, that the climate of Germany was certainly injurious to the voice of Italian singers, and that he frequently sent those belonging to the chapel of Prince Esterhazy into Italy to improve their organs. Secondly, with regard to instruments, and particularly the violin and harpsichord, it is Corelli, Tartini, and Viotti, who have instructed all Europe in the use of the former, and the same may be said of the school of Frescobaldi with regard to the harpsichord, and we may add, of that of the Besozzi, with regard to the hautboy. The Italians were indeed the inventors of the harpsichord, the bassoon, and the trombone, as well as many other instruments, and taught the use of them.'

Next of Germany:—

'The culture of music in Germany is astonishing; even down to the most insignificant *charity-schools*, the art is publicly taught; no schoolmaster is allowed to exercise his profession unless he is capable of teaching at least the elements of music and some instruments. In the principal towns there are public and special schools, where any one is admitted unconditionally, and where all the parts of composition are taught. Besides this, the means of ordinary education, being very numerous and easily obtained by every class, the artisan, and even a man of the lowest order in society, does not require the assistance of his son's industry to attain a livelihood, may give him a good education free of all expense. From these united causes it results, that in general the musicians of Germany are numerous and well-informed. Their methods of instruction are moreover the same as in Italy, with some modification; they tend directly to the point. Such, in few words, is the history and present state of music in Germany, which country, as has been seen, possesses its full share of merit.'

Lastly of France:—

'Of the three nations of which we have spoken, it is in France that music is the least generally cultivated; it is also, of all the fine arts, the one least attended to in France, and the only one on which there are no public lectures, an advantage which it possesses in almost every other country of

Europe. Before the French revolution, music was principally taught in the *maitrises*; but, notwithstanding the number of four thousand pupils, who were constantly supported by these establishments, they so much felt the corruption and decay of the art in France, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that, in the whole course of that time, they produced at most but five or six singers, and as many composers, worthy of mention. Their re-establishment was on a still worse footing. The ancient chapel-masters were at all events composers; but lately, for want of better, it has been found necessary, with few exceptions, to employ any musicians that could be had. Here, the chapel-master is a parish chanter; there, a violinist; elsewhere even a trumpeter, or some such person; and these men are intrusted to form singers. It will readily be imagined that the *maitrises* thus organized would be even less productive than they were formerly; and, up to the present time, it would be difficult to find, out of the two or three hundred pupils which they contain, one who could sing the seven notes of the scale in tune. The conservatory, established since the revolution, has certainly, however, produced a great number of instrumental performers, and many good singers.'

The biography appears to us to be very complete, and embraces a host of composers, with vocal and instrumental performers; the memoirs are in many instances of considerable length, and full of interesting anecdotes. Great attention appears to have been paid to the musicians of our own country, particularly living ones, of whom it is extremely difficult to obtain information. Referring our readers to the work itself for general and more ample details, we shall quote a few anecdotes of precocity, in which the science of music is richer than any other. The first relates to Dr. Arne:—

'Arne had a good education, having been sent to Eton by his father, who intended him for the law. But his love for music operated upon him too powerfully, even while at Eton, for his own peace or that of his companions; for, with a miserable cracked common flute, he used to torment them night and day, when not obliged to attend the school. When he left Eton, such was his passion for music, that he used to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery and going into the upper gallery of the opera, which was then appropriated to domestics. At home he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night while the rest of the family were asleep; for had his father discovered how he spent his time, he would probably have thrown the instrument out of the window, if not the player. This young votary of Apollo was at length obliged to serve a three years' clerkship to the law, without ever intending to make it his profession; but even during this servitude he dedicated every moment he could obtain, fairly or otherwise,

to the studying composition by himself. He contrived, during his clerkship, to acquire some instructions on the violin, of Festing; upon which instrument he made so considerable a progress, that, soon after he quitted his legal master, his father having accidentally called at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood upon business, found him engaged with company, but, sending in his name, he was invited up stairs, where there was a large company and a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he caught his son in the very act of playing the first fiddle! Finding him more admired for his musical talents than knowledge in the law, he was soon prevailed upon to forgive his unruly passion, and to let him try to turn it to some account. No sooner was the young musician able to practise aloud in his father's house, than he bewitched the whole family.'

Dr. Crotch is one of the most extraordinary instances of musical precocity; we shall, however, quote but one of the many anecdotes related of this excellent composer when a child:—

"I first," says Daines Barrington, "heard little Crotch on the 10th of December, 1778, when he was nearly three years and a half old, and find that I made the following memorandum on returning home:—Plays *God save the King* and *Minuet de la Cœur* almost throughout with chords; reaches a sixth with his little fingers; cries *no*, when I purposely introduced a wrong note; delights in chords and running notes for the bass; plays for ten minutes extemporary passages, which have a tolerable connection with each other; seldom looks at the harpsichord, and yet generally hits the right intervals, though often distant from each other. His organ rather of a hard touch; many of his passages hazarded and singular, some of which he executes by his knuckles, tumbling his hands over the keys."

We scarcely know whether even Dr. Crotch's musical infancy is not surpassed by that of Miss Randle's, whose biography we give entire:—

'We have read of the precocious talent of Mozart, Haydn, Crotch, &c. &c. but we doubt whether either of those eminent professors created more interest than the *little Cambrian prodigy* did. Miss Elizabeth Randles was born at Wrexham, in North Wales, on the 1st of August, 1800. Her father, who was organist of the church, was blind, and had been so since the age of three years: he lost his sight by the small-pox. His parents placed him under Parry, the celebrated Welsh harper, who was also blind, and he soon made great progress, and eventually became the very best lyrist of his day. Mr. Randles is mentioned in Miss Seward's poem of *Llangollen Vale*. He had several children, but none of them betrayed any peculiar talent for music, except the youngest daughter, who, when she was but *sixteen months* old, would go to the piano-forte and endeavour to pick out a melody; but no particular notice was taken of this, until one morning, when Mr. Randles (being unwell) remained in bed rather







W. Wynn's powerful aid, gratuitously, on the occasion. The morning five hundred kingdom attendance was.

The profits of the various performances were given to the names of the various families of distinction alternately, where, mixing with polished society, she became a very clever, accomplished girl. Many offers were made to her father by different ladies of rank to adopt her as their own. The Princess of Wales, in particular, was very anxious to have her; but the poor father would not, nay, could not, part with her; she was the only solace of his life; she read to him, played for him, sang to him; in short, he could not exist without her for any length of time.

Her performance on the piano-forte, when she was about fourteen years old, was quite masterly; she also became a proficient on the pedal harp; she likewise played the organ regularly at the church, and her extempore performance on that noble instrument, à la Wesley, was truly astonishing.

In 1818, she paid London a visit, with a view of taking a few lessons on the harp from Dizi, and on the piano from Kalkbrenner, and to see (as she expressed herself) whether she could find any thing new in the art. Both these celebrated professors paid her talents the highest compliment; Dizi in particular, after placing before her all the difficult pieces he could find, and hearing her execute them with the greatest facility, said, "Oh, oh, Miss, I must write expressly for you, I find."

About this time she was strongly urged by a select number of families at Liverpool, to make that town her residence, they engaging to find her as many pupils as she might feel disposed to accept: after many arguments, pro and con, with the poor father, who was grown very nervous and feeble, she was at length permitted to go, provided she came over every Saturday, and remained with him until the Monday. This she continued to do for a long time, though the distance by land and water was nearly twenty-five miles. We are now drawing to the close of poor Randles' "life's busy scene: he breathed his last in the autumn of 1820, leaving three daughters and a son, the latter being organist of Holywell, in Flintshire."

After their affairs were arranged, the daughters removed to Liverpool, where they still remain, our interesting heroine being a welcome visitor at the houses of the most opulent inhabitants of that flourishing town. Indeed we consider ourselves warranted in adding, that her lady-like demeanour, placid and affectionate disposition, together with a well-cultivated mind and most extraordinary musical talents, very deservedly render this young lady an object of the warmest regard and esteem. To her many valuable friends, therefore, as well as

to the public in general, we trust that this sketch of her early life will not prove unacceptable.

In conclusion, it may not be improper to remark, that the only musical instructions Miss Randles ever received were from her father and Parry, with the exception of a few lessons from Latour, when she came to London in 1808; and that among her warmest friends have been Sir Richard Hill's family, and Mrs. Middleton Biddulph, of Chirk Castle, at whose hospitable mansions she generally passes a portion of every year. It also gives us pleasure to state, that her income, added to what Mr. Randles left, will insure her and her sisters a most comfortable maintenance for life.

We shall return to these volumes next week.

*The Natural History of the Bible; or, a Description of all the Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects, Trees, Plants, Flowers, Gums, and precious Stones mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures, collected from the best Authorities, and Alphabetically arranged.* By THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D. of Dorchester, Massachusetts. 8vo. pp. 430.

WHATEVER there may have been in the early ages of the world, there were certainly no Buffons or Linnæuses to hand down to us correctly its natural history, hence arises the difficulty of identifying the various beasts, birds, and plants, which are expressly mentioned, or incidentally referred to, in the sacred scriptures. This want of precision prevents us from discovering the propriety of many allusions to the nature and habits of the animal species mentioned, and conceals from us many similes which are founded on their characteristic qualities.

Another circumstance which renders the natural history of the Bible so obscure is, that at the time the translation was made, little was known on the subject, so far as related to foreign countries. "Hence," as Dr. Harris observes, "we find in it the names of animals unknown in the East, as the whale and the badger, creatures with which the Jews must have been wholly unacquainted." So doubtful, indeed, are the names of several animals mentioned in the sacred writings, that one great linguist and able writer, Dr. Adam Clarke, assures us our great-grandmother Eve was not tempted to taste the forbidden fruit by a serpent, but by a baboon.

It was a remark of the celebrated Linnæus, that less was known of the natural history of Palestine, than of the remotest parts of India. Hasselquist was the first to supply this important desideratum, and would have accomplished it, had he not died when he had devoted two years in making collections of plants, &c. in Egypt and the Holy Land. Since his time, other contributions have been made on the subject; and, in 1793, Dr. Harris published a small volume with a similar title to the present. He has since never lost sight of the subject, and appears carefully to have consulted all the works in which it is treated.

In the course of his work, Dr. Harris enlivens the dulness of mere discussion by the introduction of poetical versions or quotations, thus uniting entertainment with utility. He has also given a new translation of several passages, and sometimes whole chapters of scripture, with remarks and illustrations, correcting the errors, which were the consequence of their being misunderstood. Prefixed to the work are three dissertations on the scripture arrangement of natural history; on Adam naming the animals; and on the Mosaic distinction of animals into clean and unclean. At the close of the last we find the following curious catalogue of the birds forbidden, written in English metre, extracted from the Bibliotheca Biblica, printed in 1725, in the old black letter:—

"Of feathered fowles that fanne the buck-som aire,  
Not all alike weare made for foode to men,  
For, these thou shalt not eat doth God declare,  
Twice tenne their nombre, and their flesh un-cleane:  
Fyist the great eagle, byrde of feigned Jove,  
Which Thebanes worshippe aud diviners love.  
"Next ossifrage and ospray (both one kinde),  
Of luxurie and rapine, emblems mete,  
That haunte the shores, the choicest preye to finde,  
And brast the bones and scoope the marrowe swete:  
The vulture, void of delicace and feare,  
Who spareth not the pale dede man to teare:  
"The tall-built swann, fair type of pride confest;  
The pellicane, whose sons are nurst with bloode,  
Forbidd to man! she stabbeth deep her breast,  
Selfe-murtheresse through fondness to hir broode;  
They, too, that range the thirstie wilds along,  
The ostriches, unthoughtful of thir yonge.  
"The raven ominous (as Gentiles holde),  
What time she croaketh hoarsely a la morte;  
The hawke, aerial hunter, swifte and bolde,  
In feates of mischief trayned for disporte;  
The vocale cuckowe, of the faulcon race,  
Obscene intruder in her neighbor's place:  
"The owle demure, who loveth not the lighte  
(Ill semblance she of wisdom to the Greeke),  
The smallest fouls drudd foe, the coward kite,  
And the stille herne, arresting fishes meeke;  
The glutton cormorante, of sullen moode,  
Regarding no distinction in his foode.  
"The storke, which dwelleth on the fir-tree topp,  
And trusteth that no power shall hir dismaye,  
As kinges on their high stations place thir hope,  
Nor wist that there be higher far than theye;  
The gay gier-eagle, beautifull to viewe,  
Bearyng within a savage herte untrew:  
"The ibis whome in Egypte Israele found,  
Tell byrd! that living serpents can digest;  
The crested lapwyng, wailing shrill arounde,  
Solicitous, with no contentment blest;  
Last the foul batt, of byrd and beast first bredde,



Flitting with litle leathren sails dis-  
predde."

The natural history is arranged alphabetically, according as the names are found in our translation of the Bible; next is the Hebrew word, and the passages referred to are those in which the Hebrew word is found in the original.

It is a very common tradition, that the ants hoard up grain in summer for winter consumption, and it is generally supposed, that this belief in the social habits of these insects is founded in Scripture; the ancients were also of the same opinion, but most naturalists question the fact. Dr. Harris, on this subject is quite satisfactory. He says:—

"Without insisting, however, upon this disputed point, I would remark that if we consider the two texts in the book of Proverbs, there is not the least intimation in them of their laying up corn in store *against winter*. In chapter vi. 8. it is said, *she provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest*. For though the former verb, *HEKIN*, signifies to prepare, or dispose in order, and the latter, *AGAR*, to collect, or gather together; and in the only two places where I find it occur besides, is used for gathering in summer, as Prov. x. 5. and for gathering in the vintage, Deut. xxviii. 39. yet the expression in the text necessarily means no more than that they collect their food in its proper season. Nor is there any thing else declared, chap. xxx. v. 25. So that all which may be fairly concluded from scripture is, that they carry food for themselves into their repositories, to serve them as long as it will keep good, or they shall need it. That they do this against winter can only be determined by examining into the fact. This has been done with very great diligence, and it appears that they eat not at all in the winter, and have no stores laid in of any sort of food. The opinion, therefore, of their laying in magazines against winter seems to have been grafted on these scriptures, rather than found in them; and this from a conclusion naturally enough made, from observing their wonderful labour and industry in gathering their food in the summer, supposing that this must be to provide against winter. After all, great part of their labour, which may have been bestowed in other services, might easily be mistaken, by less accurate observers, for carrying food. It may be thought sufficient for the purpose if it were in Solomon's time but a popular notion. *The Scriptures are not to be considered as unerring guides in NATURAL, although they are in MORAL and DIVINE matters.*"

In the first edition of his work, Dr. Harris attempted to prove, that the behemoth of Scripture was the elephant; but, on a more critical examination of the subject, he is inclined to think that the hippopotamus, or sea-horse, is meant. He says,—

"The hippopotamus is nearly as large as the rhinoceros. The male has been found seventeen feet in length, fifteen in circumference, and seven in height. The head is enormously large, and the jaws extend up-

wards of two feet, and are armed with four cutting teeth, each of which is twelve inches in length. The body is of a lightish colour, thinly covered with hair. The legs are three feet long. Though amphibious, the hoofs, which are quadrified, are unconnected with membranes. The hide is so thick and tough as to resist the edge of a sword or a sabre.

"Although an inhabitant of the waters, the hippopotamus is well known to breathe air like land animals. On land, indeed, he finds the chief part of his food. It has been pretended that he devours vast quantities of fish; but it appears with the fullest evidence, both from the relations of many travellers, and from the structure of the stomach, in specimens that have been dissected, that he is nourished solely, or almost solely, on vegetable food, though occasionally on aquatic plants; yet he very often leaves the waters, and commits wide devastations through all the cultivated fields adjacent to their river.

"Unless when accidentally provoked, or wounded, he is never offensive; but when he is assaulted or hurt, his fury against the assailants is terrible. He will attack a boat, break it in pieces with his teeth; or, where the river is not too deep, he will raise it on his back and overset it. If, when on shore, he is irritated, he will immediately betake himself to the water, and there, in his native element, manifests all his strength and resolution.

"I shall now offer a corrected version of the description given by Job of the behemoth, and add a few criticisms and comments.

"Behold now behemoth whom I made with thee;  
He feedeth on grass like the ox."

"This answers entirely to the hippopotamus, who, as I before observed, feeds upon grass; whereas, the proper food of the elephant is the young branches of trees.

"Behold now his strength is in his loins,  
His vigour in the muscles of his belly.  
He plieth his tail, which is like a cedar;  
The sinews of his thighs are braced together;  
His ribs are like unto pipes of copper;  
His backbone like a bar of iron."

"These verses convey a sublime idea of his bulk, vigour, and strength; and no creature is known to have firmer or stronger limbs than the river-horse. Bochart justly argues that behemoth cannot be the elephant, because the strength of the elephant consists not in his belly; for though his hide on the back is very hard, yet on his belly it is soft. On the other hand the description agrees well with the river-horse, the skin of whose belly is not only naturally as thick as on other parts of the body, but is in a degree hardened, or made callous, by its being dragged over the rough stones at the bottom of the river. The skin, indeed, is so remarkably firm and thick as to be almost impenetrable, and to resist the force of spears and darts. This gave occasion to that hyperbole which Ptolemy mentions, lib. vii. c. 2. "The Indian robbers have a skin like that of the

river-horses; such as even arrows cannot penetrate."

"The expression also "he moveth his tail like a cedar," furnishes a strong presumption that the hippopotamus is intended in the text, and not the elephant, whose tail, like that of the hog, is small, weak, and inconsiderable. It is, according to Buffon, but two feet and a half or three feet long, and pretty slender; but the tail of the hippopotamus, he observes, resembles that of the tortoise, only that it is incomparably thicker. The tail of the hippopotamus, Scheuchzer observes, although short, is thick, and may be compared with the cedar for its tapering conical shape, its smoothness, thickness, and strength. But although it is thick, short, and very firm, yet he moves and twists it at pleasure; which, in the sacred text, is considered as a proof of his prodigious strength.

"He is chief of the works of God;  
He that made him hath fastened on his weapon."

"The fixed insertion of the tusk is remarkable in this animal; and it is very properly introduced into a description of his parts, that his Maker has furnished him with a weapon so eminently offensive.

"The rising lands supply him with food;  
All the beasts of the field there are made a mock of."

"It is to be observed, that in the celebrated Prænestine Mosaic, these river-horses appear on the hillocks that are seen here and there rising above the water, among the vegetables growing upon them. May we not believe that these are the hills "the mountains" as in our translation, which bring him forth food? It is certain that the altar of God, which was only ten cubits high, and fourteen square, is in Ezek. xliii. 15, called *HAR EL*, "the mountain of God." The eminences then which appear, as the inundation of the Nile subsides, may undoubtedly be called mountains in the poetical language of the book of Job. Nor is it any wonder that these animals are pictured in the pavement on these eminences, since the Turkey wheat is what they are fond of, and that vegetable grows on them. So Hasselquist tells us, that he saw, on the 17th of September, "the places not yet overflown, or where it has already begun to decrease, clothed with a charming verdure, a great part sown with Turkey wheat, and some parts, though but few, with lucern." p. 84. And on the other hand, he tells us in another place, that "the river-horse does much damage to the Egyptians in those places which he frequents, destroying, in a short space of time, an entire field of corn or clover, not leaving the least verdure as he passes, being voracious, and requiring much to fill his great belly." This agrees with Maillet's account, who tells us, "it is incredible how pernicious he is to the productions of the earth, desolating the fields, and eating, in all places through which he passes, the ears of corn, especially the Turkey wheat.

"Hasselquist, in the first of the two last citations, goes on to inform us, that "innu-

merable birds were not under water: remarkable as an ed the fields." Upon some of the pavement, upon others. clause, "where are disregarded, This may either not meet with a be disregards or

"All the wild where the elephant tainers; and it difficult to assign circumstance should description of the to but all the quadr to retire to these overflows, and the tams among the verdure of the augments our i this creature.

"He sheltereth him in the covert of the branches trem The willows of the him."

"These verses which the behemo pose; and the are such as grow Nile."

It is not in cri displays his a has collected m the subject of r cle cedar, we h the cedars of L

"The follow these cedars by ed them in the discovered the grow in an oval in circumference considerable di of afraid their b These trees ra the height of feet. Three o sometimes tog uniting their sa ness. The tru square form. might be about size was occasi united when y entirely insulat much taller, a ed for their he of their sap." numerous as t almost entirel who travelled only seven of tiquity remain ninety feet in eight to nine preserved wi Maronites c under them,



merable birds were to be seen on the places not under water: I thought this the more remarkable as an incredible number covered the fields." We see birds, accordingly, upon some of the hillocks in the Prænestine pavement, and beasts in great variety upon others. This answers to that other clause, "where all the beasts of the fields are disregarded," or made no account of. This may either imply that other animals do not meet with annoyance from him, or that he disregards or defies them.

"All the wild beasts of the countries where the elephant resides are not mountaineers; and if they were, it would be difficult to assign a reason why that circumstance should be mentioned in a description of the terribleness of the elephant; but all the quadrupeds of Egypt are obliged to retire to these eminences when the Nile overflows, and the coming of the hippopotamus among them, and destroying all the verdure of the places of their retirement, augments our ideas of the terribleness of this creature.

"He sheltereth himself under the shady trees, in the coverts of the reeds and in ooze; The branches tremble as they cover him, The willows of the stream while they hang over him."

"These verses describe the places in which the behemoth seeks shelter and repose; and the vegetables here mentioned are such as grow upon the banks of the Nile."

It is not in criticism merely, that Dr. Harris displays his acuteness and industry, but he has collected much valuable information on the subject of natural history. In the article cedar, we have the following account of the cedars of Lebanon:—

"The following is the account given of these cedars by the Abbé Binos, who visited them in the year 1778. "Here I first discovered the celebrated cedars, which grow in an oval plain about an Italian mile in circumference. The largest stand at a considerable distance from each other, as if afraid their branches might be entangled. These trees raise their proud summits to the height of sixty, eighty, and a hundred feet. Three or four, when young, grow up sometimes together, and form at length, by uniting their sap, a tree of monstrous thickness. The trunk then assumes, generally, a square form. The thickness which I saw might be about thirty feet round; and the size was occasioned by several having been united when young. Six others, which are entirely insulated, and free from shoots, were much taller, and seem to have been indebted for their height to the undivided effects of their sap." These cedars, formerly so numerous as to constitute a forest, are now almost entirely destroyed. M. Billardiere, who travelled thither in 1789, says that only seven of those of superior size and antiquity remain. The largest are eighty or ninety feet in height, and the trunks from eight to nine feet in diameter. These are preserved with religious strictness. The Maronites celebrate an annual festival under them, which is called "the feast of

cedars;" and the patriarch of the order threatens with ecclesiastical censure, all who presume to hurt or diminish the venerable remnants of ages long gone by."

Dr. Harris supposes the leaves of which Adam and Eve made themselves aprons, to have been those of the banana fig-tree:—

"Milton is of opinion that the banana-tree was that with whose leaves our first parents made themselves aprons. But his account, as to the matter of fact, wants even probability to countenance it; for the leaves of this are so far from being, as he has described them, of the bigness of an Amazonian target, that they seldom or never exceed five inches in length, and three in breadth. Therefore we must look for another of the fig kind, that better answers the purpose referred to by Moses, Gen. iii. 7. and as the fruit of the banana-tree is often, by the most ancient authors, called a fig, may we not suppose this to have been the fig-tree of Paradise? Pliny, describing this tree, says that its leaves were the greatest and most shady of all others: and as the leaves of these are often six feet long, and about two broad; are thin, smooth, and very flexible, they may be deemed more proper than any other for the covering spoken of, especially since they may easily be joined together with the numerous threadlike filaments, which may, without labour, be peeled from the body of the tree."

To such persons as think the translators, as well as the writers of the scriptures, inspired and infallible, it will, we doubt not, be deemed presumptuous to attempt to strip them of any discrepancies or explain them away: the lover of truth, however, will rather rejoice at the investigation. We consider Dr. Harris's work as particularly valuable to the theologian, the naturalist, and the general reader.

#### FREE PRESS IN INDIA.

1. *A Letter to Sir Charles Forbes, Bart. M.P. on the Suppression of Public Discussion in India, and the Banishment, without Trial, of two British Editors from that Country, by the Acting Governor-General, Mr. Adams.* By a Proprietor of India Stock. 8vo. pp. 42. London, 1824.
2. *A Second Letter, &c.* 8vo. pp. 70. London, 1824.
3. *The Common-Sense Book, No. III.* 8vo. London, 1824.

POLITICIANS are like many travellers,—they draw general inferences from isolated facts. Should the first impression be favourable, the character of the country is insured; if otherwise, it is the reverse. Such is the case with the gentlemen who have undertaken to write on the policy of a free press in India. Nothing is more easy than to say that we have a free press in England, and why not in India?—since 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander;' and if the great body of the population of India consisted of Englishmen instead of Hindoos and Mussulmans, there might be some truth in the remark:

as, however, this is not the case, but, on the contrary, upwards of eighty millions of people are governed by about forty thousand Europeans, there must necessarily be some danger in allowing any ill-disposed persons to excite the natives to revolt; and such would indeed be the case, were a free press tolerated.

We are no great sticklers for the right of conquest, but were England to relinquish India, would it become independent?—Certainly not; on the contrary, half-a-dozen European powers, and America to boot, would contend for a share of it. If, then, under all the circumstances, it is desirable that we should retain our hold of Hindostan, we must resort to the necessary means of doing so; and we might as well attempt to give universal suffrage to India, with its eighty millions of natives and forty thousand Europeans, as to think that a free press could insure our dominion there: the fact is, that, on the English republican principle of the majesty of the people, there would not be a free press,—for the natives are the people, and they do not ask it. The author of the two letters to Sir Charles Forbes has said all that can well be said in favour of a free press; but his arguments neither convince us, nor are so cogent as those of the author of *Common Sense*.

#### WEST INDIA SLAVERY.

1. *A Letter addressed to the Liverpool Society for the Abolition of Slavery.* By a Member of that Society. 8vo. pp. 15.
2. *Negro Emancipation: a Dialogue between Mr. Ebenezer Eastlove and Giles Homespun.* 8vo. pp. 28.
3. *The Impolicy and Injustice of Emancipating the Negro Slaves in the West India Colonies.* No. 1. 8vo. pp. 44.
4. *Memorandum of the relative Importance of the West and East Indies to Great Britain.* 8vo. pp. 32.
5. *The Report of the Committee of the Legislature of Dominica, appointed to inquire into a Report on certain Queries relative to the Condition, Treatment, Rights, and Privileges of the Negro Population of that Island.* 8vo. pp. 43.
6. *The Common-Sense Book, No. 2.*
7. *Immediate, not gradual Abolition; or, an Inquiry into the shortest, safest, and most effectual Means of getting rid of West India Slavery.* 8vo. pp. 24.
8. *A Communication from Sir Charles Brisbane, K. C. B., Governor of St. Vincent, to the House of Assembly of that Colony, &c.; and a Letter, depicting the Alarm and Danger excited by the Insurrection in Demarara.* 8vo. pp. 74.
9. *Letters of Anglus on West India Slavery, Nos. I. to VII., in the New Times.*
10. *Letters of Vindex on West India Slavery, Nos. I. to IV. in the Star.*

LEST any of our readers should suppose that we are about to enter, as usual, into a regular analysis of the several pamphlets and letters placed at the head of this article, we beg to assure them, that we shall,



or once, imitate those *Aristarchi*, the Quarterly and Edinburgh reviewers, and adopt a list of titles of books for a text, without any regard to their contents,—not that we have not read every line of these said pamphlets and letters. By the bye, we ought to have added, the last number of the Quarterly contains an admirable article, that has given rise to the discussion in the Star and New Times.

If, for a moment, we could be suspected of vindicating slavery, because we differ in opinion from the ultra-abolitionists, we should indeed regret that the word had ever appeared in our pages; so far, however, is this from being the case, that we feel no hesitation in saying to the West India planters, in the language of Shakespeare,—

'You have among you many a purchased slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them.'

We will go further, and say, we are of opinion with Mr. Fox that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right; still we do not agree with the ultra-abolitionists, who would at once give up our West India colonies to a rude and uninformed slave-population. We are, however, as far from agreeing with the planters, who deprecate every amelioration of the condition of the slaves, as tending to excite rebellion, and claim the privilege of condemning human beings 'to slavish parts' because they bought them.

There are two difficulties in the emancipation of the slaves. the first is in their own ignorance; the second, in the property their owners claim in them,—a property which has been sanctioned and encouraged by the government for ages. So far, indeed, do we consider the claim of right as feasible, that we should not be against the nation giving the West India planters the sixty millions at which they estimate their property in the West Indies and other slavish colonies, could we be certain that, on the emancipation of the slaves, they would subside into regular and well organized communities; this, however, is totally impossible in their present condition, and we feel no hesitation in saying, that education and instruction must precede freedom, or freedom will be worthless. Such is the opinion of the British cabinet, and we are sorry to find that its views are thwarted in the colonies, where an alarm, as wanton as it is unjust, is excited, whenever any measure is proposed in the British Parliament, having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the slaves. Emancipated they must be ere long, and the most prudent step with all parties is, instead of retarding, to anticipate the event, and render it as little injurious to existing interests as possible. We are firmly persuaded that Mr. Canning, and some of his associates, at least, are inimical to slavery, and we shall be sorry to see their benevolent efforts disconcerted by the planters, whose intem-

perate conduct is rather calculated to provoke the slaves to revolt than to reconcile them to their situation.

—♦—♦—♦—

*Forget me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1825.*

FORGET ME NOT! and what critic, with the slightest portion of generosity,—we had almost said gratitude—will forget the beautiful little volume which Mr. Ackermann annually produces under this title. We know not when the custom first originated of renewing or continuing habits of friendship by presents at Christmas or New Year's Day, though it is certain that it prevailed among the ancients, and has continued under various forms unto the present day. It was formerly a sort of contribution levied by our sovereigns and no courtier could expect to retain the favour of Queen Elizabeth, if he forgot to present her with some *bijou* on New Year's Day. Thanks to the good taste and liberal spirit of the present age, we can present our friends with a less expensive and more appropriate memorial of our regard, in one of those elegant works which are calculated at once to please the eye and instruct the mind.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding we excel in almost every branch of literature, until very lately our annuals were as dull and mechanical as a London Directory. In France and Germany they had long surpassed us in this respect, and Mr. Ackermann was the first not merely to introduce the continental plan among us, but to surpass it in beauty of embellishment and in the elegancies of polite literature. As might be expected, his example was honoured with imitation, and a honourable competition was commenced; we, however, are not only assured by the editor of the *Forget me Not*, but *know*, that such was its popularity last year, notwithstanding competition, that long before Christmas and New Year's Day, not a single copy was to be obtained of the publisher, and we ourselves had to wait some time for a reprint, which the public demand had called for.

Poetry is usually a very conspicuous feature in works of this sort, and Mr. Ackermann has been fortunate enough to enlist in his roll of contributors many respectable authors, who have furnished original articles. Among these we would enumerate the names of Montgomery, Henry Neele, Bernard Barton, Willen, together with L. E. L. and some gentlemen, whose names though not familiar to the public, are, we think, destined to become so. Many of these poetical articles are of great merit, and some of them possess considerable beauty. The same praise may be awarded to the articles in prose, among which we discover a very charming tale entitled *Marianne*, by our friend and correspondent, Mr. Lacey. The literary department is agreeably diversified, notwithstanding an unfortunate circumstance, the destruction of the whole impression

of a part of the work, and the manuscript of the remainder, by the fire at Mr. Moyes's printing-office. Some articles, particularly the conclusion of the autobiography of Ferdinand Franch, it has been found impossible to supply this season. As we have little room for extract, and purpose returning to the work, we shall for the present content ourselves with quoting one or two articles of poetry, and a tale introduced in a very charming article, entitled *The Alcazar of Seville*, by the elegant author of *Doblado's Letters*. It is entitled the

\* *TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.*

'Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscos who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer, who owned the house we speak of \* As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscos out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large *zagnan* or close porch, of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe deeply versed in the secret arts.

'The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of our country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter, in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

\* *The Casa del Duende*, or the goblin-house.

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When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and basket, anxiously waited the hour of midnight to commence her excavation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound you are well aware has a startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication (Plegonia) followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold doors of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint and lighted a green taper, not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. "Now Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life," said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not treat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father." "Mother," answered the treacherous girl, "I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body; merciful Allah! my feet slip! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the tink of coins scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. "There, take the basket child—quick! put it up with gold—feel for the jewels. I must not move the lantern.—Well come, my love! Another basketful and no more. I would not expose you, my lovely child.—Yet the candle is long enough; fear not,—it will burn five minutes. Heavens! the wick begins to melt in the melted wax; out, out. Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!"

A faint groan was heard; Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the flame, but it was closed. She beat the

ground with her feet, and her agony became downright madness, on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds; lying on the ground a short time and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark." The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints: then, raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head with something like supernatural strength against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark."

To this admirable tale, which so powerfully illustrates the fatal results of the vice of avarice,

"That meanest rage,  
And latest folly of man's sinking age."

we shall add, from the many poetic gems which the volume contains, one by Mr. Henry Neele. It is illustrated by an engraving from a design by Westall, and is entitled

#### "THE LOVER'S TOMB."

"I'll gather my dark raven locks o'er my brow,  
And the fleet wind my course shall be,  
And I'll haste to the place where the willow trees grow,  
For my true love is waiting for me."  
"Sweet maid, say not so,—  
In the grave he lies low."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

"I see him at morning, I see him at eve,  
I know his broad brow and sweet smile;  
And he bids me no longer in solitude grieve,  
For he will but tarry awhile."  
"Sweet maid, he is dead,—  
In the earth rests his head."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me."  
"He lives, tho' his cheek is more pale than  
of yore,  
And the light of his bright eye is gone;  
And when his wan fingers my brow traverse  
o'er,  
They are cold, they are cold as the stone."  
"God help thee, sweet maid!  
In the tomb he is laid."  
"Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

"Not long did that fair maiden mourn for her love,  
She soon slept in death by his side;  
Yet, 'tis said, that when night hangs her banners above,

Her spirit is oft seen to glide  
Where the willow trees grow,  
While she still says, "No, no,  
Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!"

In our next, we shall notice the remaining literary articles, and the engravings, which are numerous.

—♦—

*Paul and Virginia, from the French of St. Pierre, and Elizabeth, from the French of Madame Cottin. New Translations, with Prefatory Remarks, by JOHN M'DIARMID. 18mo. pp. 282. Edinburgh and London.*

As we will not suspect one of our readers of being so far wanting in good taste as not to have read the exquisite tales of Paul and Virginia, and Elizabeth, we shall not offer one remark on their merits, but briefly say, that this translation is spirited, the prefatory remarks of Mr. M'Diarmid acute and just, and add, that this edition of two popular tales is very well got up, though cheap, and form an excellent pocket volume.

—♦—

*Horæ Canoræ Subsecivæ: being the Poetical Miscellanies of Harlequin Proteus, Esq. 18mo. pp. 112. London, 1824.*

THERE is nothing extraordinary in this volume except its price. Five shillings for a volume which, in point of quantity, would fill but two-thirds of a number of *The Literary Chronicle*, is too bad, particularly as the poems are very mediocre. We shall not make any extract, and hope the author will feel that in this we do not wrong him.

—♦—

*A Familiar Epistle to Sir Thomas L—r—nce, Knt. 8vo. pp. 16.*

IN the British Museum, and, we believe, among the Harleian MSS. there is a volume which, among other things, contains some anagrams. This volume formerly belonged to Sir Simon D'Ewes, who has very properly recorded his opinion of it on the back, in the emphatic word—"Trash." Were Sir Simon living now, and the Familiar Epistle put before him, he would designate this also as 'trash,' an epithet which we assure our readers it well deserves.

—♦—

*Three Enigmas attempted to be Explained. By JOHN FRANK NEWTON, Esq. 8vo. pp. 114. London, 1821.*

IT is very unusual with us to review a work of three months', much less of three years' standing; but, as we are called upon in the present instance, we shall bestow a few lines on Mr. Hall's three enigmas, though to us the very name enigma is repulsive.—The three enigmas are—1. The Import of the Twelve Signs. 2. The Cause of Ovid's Banishment. 3. The Eleusinian Secret. Mr. Newton's solutions are rather ingenious and elaborate than conclusive; but as we never wish to prevent any person from exercising his own talents in explaining paradoxes, we shall not anticipate the pleasure our readers must find in being able to solve one of the mysteries which Mr. N. has undertaken to explain.



## ORIGINAL.

## OCTOBER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

GENERALLY speaking, this country can boast some pleasant days in October, and the landscape it presents in the country, though tinged with the russet brown of withering nature, the 'sere and yellow leaf,' is frequently of great beauty. Perhaps the air is never so perfectly balmy as in this month, and we may remark that the sky is more deeply, beautifully blue, more serene and unmixed in its pure elements, than at any other period. In this respect it seems to participate the character of man himself, who, as seen in rural life, enjoys his being more in this month than any other. The harvest is now gathered, the fruits of the earth collected, the barn is full of corn, the cyder-butt replenishing, the hops gathered, and yet winter is not set in, and a little space for holiday-making remains, in which rest and pleasure compensate for the labours of the past and the pains of the coming season. Many fairs are held during this period, and many hogsheads of October swallowed in honour of this jovial and smiling month, whose matron graces have all the ruddiness of summer and the plumpness of autumn,—whose brows are enwreathed by the vine, and covered by brown nuts, in lieu of nut-brown locks.

Far different is the character of October in London, where she exhibits symptoms of age without its reverence, and the blight of decay without the promise of renovation. 'Tis in fact the dullest month in the year, for in the melancholy of November is concealed the germ of resuscitation—things have got to the worst, and are sure to mend. October, if fine, still keeps all the world out of town; and what are its blue skies and tepid airs to the withered clerks who pine in the back settlements of Cheapside, or even the spruce tradesman who lounges behind a melancholy unlittered counter, to listen to the long drag of a hackney-coach, or the solitary cry of an oyster-wench? What have waiters at hotels, widows with lodgings to let, and their interminable squadron of 'officers of the mouth' to do with the serenity of the season, when their own serenity can alone be purchased by perpetual motion, and when all they know of the fruits of the earth is the means of consuming them? Alas! in this month they often yawn and gape, but seldom swallow: with them, peace and quiet-

ness mean misery and starvation; they listen to discord with emotions of delight, welcome fatigue with complacency, and earnestly desire those delightful days to return, 'when they shall be absolutely hurried to death.'

Yet not alone to the children of commerce, are the spiritless days of October annoying: the young beauty sighs for quadrilles, and for drives through the hazy park, concluding, probably with truth, that the only time for seeing something is when you can see nothing. She abhors the vile shooting and hunting time, when the sea-side and Bond Street are alike deserted, when young men return to college, and papas to country seats. Her feelings meet due sympathy from the bachelor uncle, whose literary taste has established him in town, as a gourmand of book novelties. He travels from Piccadilly to Finsbury Square, and cries 'it is all barren'—the row, that glorious parterre where the flowers of literature spring in all forms and colours,—the row, that avenue to the temple of knowledge and the pyramid of fame, is covered with a temporary and oblivious veil,—'nothing is stirring.' The numerous fraternity to whom a rubber at whist, that spirited but bloodless battle, in which the keen encounter of warm wits find at once excitement and relaxation—where dulness is enlivened, disease itself amused, and vexation soothed—where age forgets infirmity, and misfortune loses the memory of great evils in the possession of trifling triumphs—this enjoyment is also suspended, till winter, the legitimate season for cards is established. Some families are not arrived, others are not settled—in one case rooms are to be furnished, in another, servants to be engaged; a thousand etceteras arise, and even the most old-fashioned and determined card-parties can never be formed in October. To these sufferers may be added the curious, who subsist on prying into the business of others; the active, who in the surrounding bustle feel themselves in their true elements, and respire the breath of life with tenfold vigour; the idle, who, having no innate resources or natural exertion, love to feed on that which their busy neighbours supply, and find the inertness of their minds gently stimulated by the conversation and conduct of those around them. To these helpless 'cumberers of the ground,' October is indeed a melancholy month; its balmy air oppresses them, its repose disturbs them; they die of the langour of ennui,

and will not revive till thundering raps, rattling carriages, incessant bawlings, black and yellow fogs, and newspapers crammed with debates, shall awaken them to the resurrection of a London life.

## THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

WE have of late so frequently had occasion to wonder at the extraordinary signs of the present times, and at the no less extraordinary discoveries and improvements in all that relates to the social system, that we have absolutely expended all our wonderment, and are now astonished at nothing. We have already spoken of the new era of the drama, which is to render the Coburg a school of the strictest morality; and of the efforts of George Hale to accelerate the millenium. We have wondered, too, at the feats of Prince Hohenlohe,—bating that his miracles are rather bungling ones, and require a great deal of preparation even before he can effect what an English quack would do ten times over with a box of pills; and likewise at the equally portentous doings of the Outinian Society, who, it seems, are labouring hard to bring about a matrimonial millenium throughout the land\*.

We have been astonished at the pertinacity with which little Hone ventures to grapple with so formidable a personage as a quarterly reviewer; at the freedom with which the Morning Chronicle talks to unpaid magistrates, and watchmen comment on the practical defects of our legal system; at the fright into which Lady Morgan seems to have thrown the Holy Alliance; and, lastly, at the steam-engine power of the Hamiltonian system, by which all the languages of Europe may be acquired—*credat Judeus apella*—in the space of twelve months. In short, we have wondered so often and so long, that our stock of wonderment is utterly exhausted, and we should not now be surprised even at hearing that the doors of Westminster Abbey were to be no longer barricaded, but John Bull permitted to use his eyesight in a church, without paying for it as at the door of a play-house;—to find that Barry Cornwall had written an *eloque* upon Blackwood's Mr. Mul-

\* Those who desire more particular information respecting this match-making concern, are referred to an advertisement which we lately observed in The John Bull, or to the first floor, No. 5, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, where Mr. Jameson will doubtless explain some of the *arcana*.

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tion; that Blackwood himself was growing dull and conscientious; or that the Vice-society had prosecuted a right honourable for holding a Sunday rout, or a cabinet minister for giving a Sunday dinner, or better still, that it had pounced upon the pandemonium of *Fishmonger's Hall*, and cleared away both sharks and gudgeons. Were this not the case, we confess we should be somewhat startled at the discovery which a recent tourist has just made—a discovery surpassing any of Sir Humphry Davy's;—it bids fair, we think, to cause as great a revolution in sublunary affairs as any of those great discoveries which have so much influenced and changed the face of society, viz.—gunpowder, the printing-press, and the steam-engine.

'And in what,' exclaim all our readers, 'is this "note of preparation" to end?' It is, then, neither more nor less than the discovery of a new Grace: but such a Grace!—Yes!—The GRACE OF DEFORMITY. Now, we will not expend any typographical marks of admiration on the subject, for we have determined (although we doubt not but that we shall amaze all our readers), not to be amazed ourselves.

'A very good joke, this!' cries some young lady, viewing herself in her mirror, and adjusting her new 'invisible corset.' Nay, 'tis no joke at all; on the contrary, we are quite serious, for it appears to us to be a subject that involves the interests of thousands of unfortunate persons, who have hitherto been allowed to possess no grace or gracefulness at all. The friend of humanity, therefore, the generous philanthropist, will rejoice to learn that a large portion of his species will henceforward be allowed to participate in what has hitherto been attributed exclusively to their more fortunate brethren.

We make no doubt but that distortions of the spine, ugly phizzes, and such commodities, hitherto quite a drug in the matrimonial market, will, since this notable discovery, bear an extraordinary premium. Nay, when its novelty is considered, this newly-discovered grace may, at least for some time to come, be more esteemed than any other, just as virtuosi in old china appreciate it, not by its intrinsic beauty, but by its rarity\*.

\* In our profound ignorance, we ourselves once stared prodigiously—it was, be it observed, before we had foresworn that vulgar feeling, astonishment—at seeing, among the costly ornaments of a splendidly-furnished drawing-room, two ugly sea-green china vessels, in

Lest our readers should imagine that we are entertaining them with a mere chimera or hoax of our own, it may be now time to inform them what authority we have for the discovery. In an article in a morning paper, by a great critic, we met with the following passage:—'The French too seldom resort to the *Grace of Deformity*; yet how finely it tells.'—It does, indeed; and many, we have no doubt, will instantly hasten to sacrifice to the newest of the Graces.

#### SEA-BREEZE COMPANY.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Your known public spirit induces me to give you a preference, as far as priority of information goes, in thus addressing you. Joint-stock companies are all the rage, and amongst them I expect none will rank higher (except, indeed, the one I am about to hint at) than the National Bath Company, supported as it is by such a legislator as Sir F. M. Ommaney, and such a banking baronet as Sir Walter Stirling. Think, sir, of the consolation and relief promised to the diseased sufferers of the metropolis, by the prospect of having the 'vast ocean' brought to their very doors in pipes, like those of the New River Company. At present, it is only intended to introduce it into a reservoir, yet who knows but we may have it laid on, and so brought to our very houses, enabling every man to have his own private salt-water bath. Of course, Brighton, Margate, Hastings, &c. &c. &c., *ad infinitum*, must soon 'hide their diminished heads;' indeed, I have heard of several speculators in building at Brighton who have determined to sell off their property at any price, for in a summer or two it will be deserted; knowing, as we all do, that no one goes to a watering-place for mere pleasure, but in search of the invigorating and health giving salt-water; and when they can take their regular morning dip at home for a shilling or two, who but a madman would travel fifty or sixty miles for it.

Now, sir, some very sensible men have remarked, and undoubtedly with great truth, that the sea-air is as beneficial to invalids who stand in need of salt-water bathing as the bath itself. Seeing that this is the case, I have turned my attention to the subject in a serious manner; I have matured a plan

shape very much resembling a species of *tureen* which our delicacy prevents our naming; and which, in our opinion, might have been contented with a less conspicuous siatton.

that will, I conceive, remedy the anticipated want of sea breezes, when the ocean shall be fairly piped to London, and that by establishing a *Sea-Breeze Company*, with a similar capital, and much upon the plan of the Bath Company, and decidedly in aid of that establishment; only that we shall look for our own profits, our own directors, bankers, lawyers, and so forth. At present I must be very close as to our means of accomplishing this matter,—if sending fresh air to London can be so called,—otherwise we may be anticipated by others before we get our act of Parliament; but when you see by my signature who I am, and when you are told that I am to be the principal actuary of the company, you will no longer doubt the probability of the thing. The sort of pipes we mean to use will not be at all like New River pipes; neither will they be carried under ground; neither shall we want a steam-engine, that expensive article: windmills will do our business better and cheaper; and the element we want to convey will thus forward itself to the metropolis, where we intend to have an immense reservoir, hermetically sealed, to be called some sort of *ometer*, in imitation of the *gasometers*; this will, of course, be situated near the intended sea baths, and will be so contrived, that we shall be able to furnish all sorts of breezes, either 'airs from heaven, or'—but I will carry the quotation no further. The delicate nervous lady may be indulged, while bathing, with a zephyr so gentle that it will scarcely raise a hair from her gentle forehead; and this may be gradually increased, till an old commodore, who has been used to bathe in the Bay of Biscay, may be accommodated with such a rattling wind, that he may, in imagination, 'ride on the whirlwind and enjoy the storm.'

'A word to the wise' is enough: therefore, at present, I shall say no more, except that our temporary office for receiving subscribers' names is in *Turnmill Street*, and that, amongst the directors already chosen, we number the following highly-respectable names: viz. Messrs. *Windham, Gale, Tempest, Airtion, Puff, Roareur, Brees, and Hurricane*; and the solicitor to the company will be Mr. *Blower*. *Æolus* and the other winds will be honorary members.

I am, &c. BOREAS, Actuary.

P. S. The plan having met with the approbation of these skilful engineers Messrs. East, West, North, and South, it is presumed there can be no doubt of its complete success.



### The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XVII.

PROFESSOR GRUITHUISEN'S discoveries and those of Asmodeus, in the moon, are well known to the public; it is not, however, to this planet that discoveries are confined; there is a M. de Biela, of Prague, who has ascertained that a comet acts on the sun like a sponge on a milk-score,—in short, that the spots on the great luminary are removed by the near approach of a comet; if this is really the case, and we have a few more comets, the old proverb, that 'there are spots in the sun,' will soon cease to be true. This discovery is, however, nothing to that of a Mr. Newton, who has been talking about astronomy at the Mechanics' Institution. Most of my readers, I doubt not, have seen the motion of the heavenly bodies rendered familiar, by the excellent astronomical lecture of Bartley, and other *Lent* (not honorary or gratuitous) astronomers. A more familiar method has been adopted by Mr. Newton, who proves, by algebra, that the sun is like the dome of St. Paul's; that Mercury (no great compliment to the city) represents the Mansion House; that Venus passes over Finsbury Square; that the Earth passes across Northampton Square, accompanied by the Moon; that Mars, instead of remaining at the Horse Guards, is vulgar enough to go to White Conduit House. Jupiter stretches as far as Hornsey; Saturn gets to Enfield; while the Georgium Sidus vagabondizes to Hertford. Nothing could be clearer than this, and I am convinced that there was not a single individual that heard the lecture, who did not think he knew as much of astronomy as Mr. Newton; and few, very few, I believe, were mistaken.

Such are the discoveries in astronomy, nor are those in astrology less remarkable, were they not thwarted by the indolence of the engravers. Will it be believed that a periodical, yelet the *Straggling Astrologer*, actually foretold the death of the King of France, but was not able to make it known until after the event happened: this, of course, was not the astrologer's fault. The twenty-third number of the work to which we have alluded, contains a hieroglyphic, with a view of the court of France, and Death on the throne, which is thus afterwards noticed in the work:—

*'Prediction Relative to the Death of the King of France.'*

'Our readers will perceive this event plainly prefigured in the hieroglyphic of

the present number. *We are likewise confident we shall be readily believed*, when we state the design was sent to the engraver for more than a month previously to its appearing; but through some unforeseen contingency, and the absence of the publisher, it was by some means neglected, and consequently did not appear last week, as it should have done. *The astrological cause of this neglect* may be owing chiefly to the retrogradation of Mercury in Libra—which has also caused many losses in the commercial, literary, and mercantile world, the stopping of the rich banking-house in Berner's Street, and other events prefigured in page 246 of the present work.'

Although I make no pretensions to an acquaintance with astrology, yet I venture to predicate that none but idiots will believe this imposture, though the author is confident of being credited. These would be dull times, Mr. Editor, were it not for the fooleries of such persons as the straggling astrologer; a season is however approaching in which we shall all be busy enough—I allude to the general election next year, of which every county, city, and borough gives note of preparation; but I have seen no symptom so indicative of the approaching event as the following:—

'George Lane Fox, Esq. M. P. for the borough of Beverley, has given directions for the distribution of 400 pairs of shoes, 300 stones of flour, and 250 blankets, amongst the children and poor inhabitants of Beverley. This distribution will be made in the week preceding Christmas Day next.'

This of course is not bribery. The meeting of the Whigs at Chester, is another symptom of a dissolution of Parliament. I attended their dinner, but they cut so sorry a figure, that pity induces me to pass it over. When the general election takes place, I will be at my post; in the mean time, I have some important affairs to settle. I am employed in negotiating two loans and a contract; the contract is on the part of Martin of Galway, for the supplying the freeholders of Cunnemara with shoes, stockings, and Welsh wigs, for fourteen days during every general election for 99 years: a dozen shirts will also be required for a similar period and purpose. The first loan I am empowered to negotiate is in behalf of certain persons in purgatory, who not agreeing with Father O'Leary, that they may 'go further and fare worse,' wish to raise money to purchase masses enough for their removal. The next affair in which I am engaged, is to raise fifty millions by way of loan

for Lucifer himself—not to regain the height from which he fell, but to enable him to establish a colony on the Owen (query, owing) system, either in the moon, or in that new paradise, Van Diemen's Land.

As these negotiations will occupy me somewhat intensely, and I may sometimes neglect you, allow me to introduce you to my son, whom you will find a lad of considerable talents, and, I hope, an excellent substitute during the occasional and temporary absence of

ASMODEUS.

NICODEMUS ASMODEUS TO THE EDITOR  
OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

*Most Potent, Gracious, & Reverend Editor,*

—After what my most revered father has said of my talents, it might seem vanity to say any thing of myself; but this is an obsolete opinion, and nothing is more common than for a man to talk for a whole day about himself, and even to preside at meetings, and propose his own health in preference to that of his Majesty, or drink it with higher honours; yea, and even to put votes of thanks to himself, which, of course, are carried *nem. dis.* My father says I am a clever, but an undisciplined imp. It is true—

My father's virtues I inherit,  
All his sense, and twice his spirit,

and, in order that you may judge how far I may be able to serve you and sustain the honour of our family, I shall give you a brief, very brief, outline of my life.

I am the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Asmodeus, and was born at a certain well-known place, with a vulgar name, in Derbyshire. I was called Nicodemus, not in consequence of any real or supposed relationship to an illustrious and well-known personage, vulgarly called Old Nicko, but because 'I came by night,' like my scriptural namesake. How and where I was educated is a matter of no consequence; but, lest an unjust prejudice should be excited against me, I beg leave to state, that my father, being very watchful over my morals, would not suffer me to go to either of the universities of Cambridge or Oxford, observing that for 50l. I might obtain all the letters in the alphabet, as titles after my name, from one of the Scotch universities. Feeling, however, with a certain author, called Shakespeare, that honour ought to be purchased by the merit of the wearer, I prefer being plain Nicodemus Asmodeus to all the distinctions that money can purchase.

I had scarcely learned to write, when, like many other persons in the world, I

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made an equivocal use of my talents, so far as utility is concerned at least. Like poets, politicians, and Parkins, the ex-sheriff, I longed to appear in print, and selected the newspapers as the scene of my *debut*. I wrote on all sides, merely to exercise my ingenuity; I attacked the ministers in one journal, and defended them in another, with singular acuteness, and displayed no ordinary share of dexterity in discovering the weak points of my opponent-self. The state of my health requiring me to have the benefit of the country air, and having a mortal aversion to a life of inactivity, I fixed on a town in the north of England, where a Whig and a Tory paper are published. Having provided myself with the strongest letters of recommendation from the editors of the *Courier* and the *Morning Chronicle*, I left town. Arriving at my destination, I applied to the proprietors of each of the country papers to be editor—had an audience,—presented my letters of introduction, and was accepted by both, though of course unknown to each other. I now played my old game of attack and defence with increased success, but, like the Scotch lawyer, I sometimes forgot the side I was advocating, and had nearly blown all up, by one night sending an eulogy on Joe Hume to the Tory and an attack on the same gentleman to the Whig journal: fortunately, however, my Irish servant, like John Lump and Looney Mactwelter, in the farce of the *Review*, changed the letters, and, though wrong directed, they reached, by a lucky accident, their right destination: the great secret, however, at last came out. I was taken suddenly ill,—so ill, indeed, as to be unable to write a line, or even give directions to my servants. When the day of publication approached, the sub-editors of each journal, finding there was no hope of a leading article, put in a paragraph, in which, like the deputy of the *Dumfries Courier*, they expressed, in very similar terms, their 'regret that, in consequence of the severe indisposition of their valuable editor, Mr. Nicodemus Asmodeus, they were under the necessity of deferring all remarks on the foreign and domestic events of the week until their next.' All was over now; the proprietors were mortified, but the public enjoyed the joke, and when I heard of the circumstance, I burst into a loud fit of laughter, which did more towards relieving me of the quinsy (which was my only complaint) than all the prescriptions of the faculty could have done in a month.

I now returned to town, where the hoax I had played was known, and, consequently, newspaper editors treated me with *contempt* as the Irish priest said Jemmie Doran did, when his reverence, for three successive Sundays, bawled out in the church, 'Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?' and Jemmie remained silent. Single misfortunes never come alone, says the Irishman, and, to add to my miseries, I found that the editors of the *Morning Chronicle* and *Courier* had been comparing notes, and found the trick I had played them. Thus deprived of a field of honourable exertion (for writing on both sides of a question at once is surely better than all on one side,—it is wiping off as one goes on, just in the way of those persons who always follow an oath by a 'God forgive me')—thus, I say, being excluded the higher walks of the press, I amused myself with writing paragraphs for the newspapers, which, being sent gratuitous, obtained ready insertion. I had heard several ladies of my acquaintance complain that the newspapers were dull: one said there were no interesting accidents or offences; another complained of the absence of romantic elopements; while the Mistress Candours were looking out for nothing but a *crim. con.* or a *faux pas* in high life. 'The papers shall not be without your news,' quoth I to myself, and the next day found a wonderful improvement in the daily papers in female estimation. For a long time I pursued the innocent employment of giving births and deaths, without increasing or diminishing the bills of mortality; I drove over blind beggars, drowned drunken farmers, and tossed children by mad bullocks into the depths of the sea, until at length, having set fire to the London Docks with a bottle of phosphorus, without the metropolis or the proprietors knowing any thing of the circumstance, or their funds being injured by it, I lost my credit with the editors, and they with the public. Such, Mr. Editor, is a full and true account of the early history of

ASMODEUS, JUN.

### Original Poetry.

TO ———.

SAY'ST thou, 'it will be winter when we meet,  
Or dark November, when the leaf is sere;  
No, no, it will be spring, my lady, sweet,—  
The blushing morn, the noon-tide of the year,  
The hour that rosy May would love to greet,  
And Flora and the nightingale hold dear.  
The hour that gives thee to this aching heart  
Will need not nature's charms to make it  
bright;

Nor could the glow of outward things impart  
New brilliance to that deep and dear delight  
Thy presence can bestow. Doubt, absence,  
care,

These are the *winter* of the lover's breast;  
Of that dark season have we borne our share,  
But soon with endless summer shall be  
bless'd.  
C. V. H. S.

### LINES TO ANNA.

THERE is an eye of sunny blue  
That beams a light divine;  
There is a cheek, whose vermeil hue,  
Might bid the roses pine;  
There is a lip, whose balmy sweets  
Seem from Arabia stealing;  
There is a heart that gently beats  
With friendship's purest feeling;  
And there's a form of angel grace,  
That looks as sent from Heav'n,  
To 'bide upon this earthly space,  
Till back to bliss 'tis given.  
That eye is like the tender blue  
That shades Italian skies;  
That cheek might shame the rose's hue  
That Cashmere beauties prize;  
That lip exceeds the coral found  
Deep in the sea-maid's cell;  
That gentle heart, by virtue crown'd,  
Knows none but virtue's spell;  
That form, so fraught with grace refin'd,  
So rich with beauties beaming,  
Is but the casket of a mind  
With soft endowments streaming:  
But, dare my fondly trembling lyre,  
In whisp'ring murmurs, breathe  
The name that wakes the muse's fire,  
And glows in friendship's wreath?  
Then, sweep the harp's harmonious wires,  
While feelings soft combine,  
To tell the name that truth inspires  
Is, dearest ANNA, *thine*.  
Sept. 7th, 1824. E. S. C\*\*\*Y.

### Fine Arts.

#### GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE—COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

SULPICE BOISSEREE'S work on the Cathedral of Cologne is in every respect—whether historical, archæological, or graphical—an important acquisition to the bibliography of architecture. The text, which, in addition to an history and description of the edifice, contains also a disquisition on the religious architecture of the middle ages, displays extraordinary research: it has likewise the merit—not always to be found in similar works, of being written in a perspicuous and fluent style.

In order to convey some idea of the varied information supplied by the work, we give the following analysis of its contents. The author commences with some remarks on the antiquity and celebrity of the edifice, and then proceeds to notice its increased fame under the Emperor Frederick I.—the gift of those prized relics, the bones of the



three kings, or wise men of the east, and the views which the emperor probably had in bestowing on it such a present;—the increasing wealth of the cathedral, the preparations of Archbishop Engelbert for the erection of a new structure, the procrastination of the intended work for twenty-three years, until the old edifice was destroyed by fire. After this event, the new building was commenced under Archbishop Conrad; and the great power and influence of this prelate, the then state of the German empire, the siege of Aachen, during which the founding of the new cathedral took place, and the ceremonies attendant on the latter event, are all related.

The heads of the next portion of the narrative are—the funds raised for the building, indulgences granted by the pope for those who contributed towards them, the immense wealth of the archbishops, the prosperity and riches of Cologne, its trade and political position.

These preliminary subjects having been discussed, the author now comes to his more immediate object—the building of the edifice itself, its design and extent, materials, and workmen;—the raising of the foundations;—conjectures as to the original architect, founded on authentic documents;—the interruption of the work, occasioned by the feuds between the archbishop and the citizens;—the influence which this building had on contemporary edifices, the churches at Oppenheim, Bacharach, Utrecht, Strasburg, and Freyburg; the progress of the building (which had never been entirely discontinued), and the increased activity with which it was carried on after the termination of the war in 1288;—the completion of the choir, and a description of that part of the fabric;—and a detailed account of the solemnities which took place at its consecration, in 1322.

The success of the means employed for raising adequate funds for the work, and the decrees issued both by the pope and archbishop for this purpose; the erection of the altar, with carved work, in the middle of the 14th century; conjectures as to the artists employed in the execution of this splendid shrine (now destroyed), are the next subjects of which the author treats. He then proceeds, again, to point out the influence which this celebrated pile had on other works of that period, at Prague, Metz, Strasburg, &c., and mentions several Cologne architects, whose names have been recorded in ancient documents.

The building of the transepts and nave;—another stoppage of the works; misemployment of the collected funds; fresh dissensions between the archbishop and the city, continued until the 15th century; the carrying up one of the towers so high, that bells are hung in it; the use made of the plan of this cathedral in building that of Burgos, and the church of *Notre Dame de l'Epine*, at Chalons sur Marne; the work done to the east of the building; and the introduction of the magnificent windows of painted glass, in the beginning of the 16th century, are all related; and the writer concludes this portion of his work with the following sentence:—‘Thus, for three hundred years, has this still uncompleted edifice stood a monument of the sublimest genius, the most persevering industry, and of the most tasteful execution; nor is it less a monument of destructive discord;—in each respect, a striking image of the history of the German empire itself.’

Having thus given a complete history of the building of the cathedral, the author arrives at another division of his work, and examines the architectural merits of the structure; in doing which he not only describes the edifice as it really stands, but points out how it was intended to have been completed. In this critical examination of a building, which he considers to have been the type and exemplar of German architecture, he omits no opportunity of pointing out the principles on which it was constructed, so as to form those principles into a regular system. According to him the pointed arch and equilateral triangle is the characteristic and distinctive form of this style of architecture, and, combined with the square and parallelogram, as exhibited in the plan of the transepts and nave, the germ of all its various architectural features. This he considers to be the key to the problem which has been so long exercising the ingenuity of antiquaries. ‘This principle,’ says he, ‘according to which the architect proceeds from the simplest to the most complicated forms, may be considered analogous to that law of nature which Haouy has detected in the formation of crystals, and that to which Goethe has referred the configuration of the botanical kingdom.’ After minutely detailing the ornamental features of the edifice, in doing which he brings together much information relative to the state of the arts at that period, he concludes by expressing an earnest wish that so noble a monument of architecture should be completed, and points

out the possibility of this being effected. —This brief and imperfect sketch of this interesting publication will serve to convey some idea of the industry and research of the writer, and of the value of his labours to the architect and antiquary: and, although he treats of much that is merely local, there is hardly a doubt but that, if a judicious translation were made of either the entire work or of such parts only as relate to pointed architecture in general, it could not fail to be well received in this country.

### The Drama

#### AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—It is generally known that Weber's celebrated opera was recommended to the managers of this theatre long before it was produced at the English Opera House, but they rejected it, and thus threw away a pearl richer than all their tribe. They are now content to be second, where they might have been exclusive. On Thursday evening, the long-promised *Der Freischutz* was produced. The music is, of course, nearly the same, though there are some injudicious omissions and some judicious additions. In the story, there is some alteration, and that not for the better: thus, the part of Rodolf (Wilhelm) is divided, and his share in the incantation scene given to a drunken peasant, Killian, which strips the story of much of its interest. The scenery, which we may notice more particularly hereafter, is splendid, and the incantation scene was terrific; monster followed monster, and horror pursued horror for some time. In the spectral hunt through the air, a ridiculous attempt was made to add to its effect, by the cracking of whips, but the persons employed for this purpose deserved the lash, for executing their task so clumsily. The storm, or tempest, was ill managed, and the mechanical nodding of the trees, like Chinese figures in a grocer's shop, was very ludicrous.

The dialogue is wretched enough, and the attempts at humour by no means successful; the only approach to a good joke was spoiled, in the same way that Dr. Goldsmith did the story of sending the peas to Hammersmith, for that was the way to Turnham (turn'em) Green. Blanchard, who sustained the character of landlord of a public house, has a number of marksmen revelling, and proposes to give a

We present. May every man shot, that is, P. hard gave it, 'my his shot.' Bennet, Pearson sustained the p. English Opera H. success, though M. under indispo. executed the bea. the Moon's Light. ess. Keeley h. which he played. ever, recollec. consist in the. and choruses w. performed, and. tely success. crowded from th. and whatever op. of the taste disp. piece, we cann. the liberality w. got up.

ADELPHI TH. friend Asmodeu. places at once, give an account. theatre on Thur. could not do t. *Der Freischutz* o. Valmondi of the. ended to rival it. gence. The mo. rably of the. of the scenery.

### Literature

Discovery Ship. received of all th. the 17th of July, beset in the trac. W. and the. would have a cle. found in a few. the ships was ve. was seen along t. straits. The following. from a seaman on. friend in Aberde. On board H. M. Chedley, E. 'We got in a. morning, and in t. at present we a. coast of Labrad. covered with sn. miles from Rep. winter there.' At the time th. in Hudson's Stra. were in good he. gine as to the r.



effectuated. May every marksman discharge his shot, that is, pay his bill; but Blanchard gave it, 'May every marksman pay his shot.'

Bennet, Pearman, and Miss Paton, sustained the parts they had at the English Opera House, and with similar success, though Miss P. evidently laboured under indisposition. She, however, executed the beautiful *scena*, 'Beneath the Moon's Light,' with exquisite tenderness. Keeley had a humorous part, which he played well; he should, however, recollect that drunkenness does not consist in the legs only. The overture and choruses were almost inimitably performed, and the piece was completely successful. The house was crowded from the stage to the ceiling, and whatever opinion we may entertain of the taste displayed in producing this piece, we cannot too highly applaud the liberality with which it has been put up.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—If, like our friend Asmodeus, we could be in two places at once, we might be able to give an account of the opening of this theatre on Thursday night; but as we could not do that, we preferred the *Der Freischütz* of Covent Garden to the *Valmardi* of the Adelphi, which is intended to rival it in horrors and extravagance. The morning papers speak favourably of the piece, and particularly of the scenery.

### Literature and Science.

*Discovery Ships.*—Accounts have been received of all the discovery ships. On the 17th of July, the *Hecla* and *Fury* were beset in the track in lat. 69. 24. N. long. 51. W. and there was no doubt they would have a clear passage to Lancaster Sound in a few days. The prospect for the ships was very favourable, as no ice was seen along the West land of Davis's Straits.

The following is an extract of a letter from a seaman on board the *Griper*, to his friend in Aberdeen:—

On board H. M. ship *Griper*, near Cape Chedley, Hudson's Straits, Aug 3. We got in among the ice yesterday morning, and in the evening saw land, and at present we are close under it, on the coast of Labrador, which is now mostly covered with snow. We are about 1200 miles from Repulse Bay; we intend to winter there.

At the time the *Griper* was spoken with, in Hudson's Straits, the officers and crew were in good health and spirits, and sanguine as to the result of the voyage.

The Rev. Luke Booker, L. L. D. Vicar of Dudley, is printing Lectures on the Lord's Prayer.

A second edition of the *Fruits of Experience*, with considerable additions, by Joseph Brasbridge, is nearly ready. Also,

Part I. of the *History and Antiquities of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth*, illustrated with copper plate engravings and wood-cuts.

A merchant of Gottenburgh has invented a machine which can manufacture 10,000 nails in a minute. A patent has been granted to this mechanic, whose name is Ungewits.

The library of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, at present, consists of 1400 volumes, to which the committee is still making many valuable additions. Mr. Thomas Longstaff is delivering two distinct courses of lectures on chemistry and mechanics, the one on the evenings of Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the other on those of Tuesdays and Fridays, illustrated by an extensive display of experiments with machinery, models, &c. all of which are new, and made on the most approved plan.

A retired officer of the dragoons has in the press, in France, a *Polyglot Glossary*, by means of which, it is stated, a person may make himself understood in eighteen different languages, without having learned any of them. Another work, now in the French press, is an *Universal Arêtography*, for the use of persons in all situations of life, affording easy means of information on every possible subject.—*Morning paper*.

*Honey Sugar.*—The Jews in Moldavia and the Ukraine have a method of making honey into a hard and white sugar, which is employed by the distillers of Dantzic to make their *liqueurs*. The process consists in exposing the honey to the frost during three weeks, sheltered from the sun and snow in a vase of some material which is a bad conductor of caloric. The honey does not freeze, but becomes transparent and hard as sugar.—*Hanoverisches Magazine*.

*Antiquities.*—The excavators have a second time been successful at Famars, in France. On the 7th Oct. at ten o'clock in the morning, they discovered, at six paces distance from the last work, and at the foot of the same wall, four vases in terra cotta, filled with silver Roman medals. The first contained 1,065; the second 1,923; the third 1412 (these three vases were of red clay, with a single handle), the fourth very large and of a spherical form, contained 5115 medals. Total 9515: which, with 9955 found on the 25th Sept., form the astonishing number of 19,470 medals of silver found at Famars, in the course of a fortnight.

One of the vases of red clay is perfectly entire. The medals of this last are of a larger die than the others; they are all radiated heads. Amongst these are the effigies of Balbinus, Papienus, Gordianus Pius, Philippus senior and junior, Octavia Severa, Trajanus, Decius, Herennia Estruscilla, Hostilianus, Trebonianus Gallus, Volusianus, Carinus, and others, with a great variety of different obverses.

### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	1 o'clock	11 o'clock	Barom.	1 o'clock	Weather.
	Morning	Noon.	Night.		Noon.	
Oct. 8	57	65	56	29 40		Fair.
.... 9	56	60	48	.. 64		Do.
.... 10	47	50	55	.. 41		Rain.
.... 11	55	57	52	28 93		Do.
.... 12	50	50	39	.. 92		Do.
.... 13	37	44	37	29 45		Fair.
.... 14	36	51	36	.. 63		Do.

### The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The Princess of Tarente was always in mourning for some sovereign, prince, or princess. One day Madame de Sevigné happening to meet her in colours, made her a low courtesy, and said, '*Madam, I am rejoiced at the health of all Europe.*'

It is stated that a bookseller for some time past has been amusing himself by driving a public *stage-coach*. We have not heard the name of the vehicle, but presume it must be '*The Reading Fly.*'

*Interesting Women.*—We think we could help our friend Jonathan W. Doubikin to a few remarks not altogether undeserving of a place among his truly ingenious observations on this country. For instance, had he looked once or twice at the police reports of our newspapers, he might, perhaps, on perceiving how the females who figure there are generally described, have been led to the following conclusion:—'In England, all the *interesting-looking* women are carried before a magistrate.'

*Dying for Love.*—We have been much amused, perhaps somewhat instructed, too, by a pleasing little article on this subject, in the last London Magazine; and are inclined to think with the writer, that some persons may have had the credit of dying for love, who owed their deaths to some less sentimental cause. The case of a gentleman, whose friends gave out that he died for love, when his death was occasioned by incautiously drinking cold water when he was heated, is perhaps not singular. It certainly sounds more romantic.

*Penitentiaries improved upon.*—When it was first proposed, by the corporation of —, to erect a penitentiary in that city, one of the worthy aldermen, more noted for his public spirit than for his learning, observed that, for his part, although there were only *penny-tentiaries* in other places, he thought that the corporation should do things handsomely, and ought to have a *shilling-tentiary* at least.

The other day, a furnishing ironmonger, who was not overburdened with education, and who, like Looney Macwolver, in the Review, had learned to read by proxy, employed a sign-painter to write him two small boards to put in his window, and which were to be inscribed, '*Bells hung,*' and '*Repairs neatly executed;*' when the man of paint, not seeing the difference between



hung and executed, produced the following:—'Bells executed,' and 'Repairs neatly hung;' which the man of iron immediately sported in his window.

On reading that Lieutenant Goldsmith is about to set up the Logan Stone again.

The Logan stone Jack understands  
A gem is. This he says he'll bet,  
Because 'tis in a Goldsmith's hands,  
And on the point of being set.

A Drunkard—Is one that will be a man to-morrow morning, but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better. One that hath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and defenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him it was not his fault, for he was laid as fair for it as he could. Every man sees him as Cham saw his father, the first of this sin, an uncovered man, and though his garment be on, uncovered, the secretest parts of his soul lying in the nakedest manner visible; all his passions come out now, and those shamefuller humours which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are belogged and cannot pass; all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on; all the use he has of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much, for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts which are filled out in his body, and that filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of kindness, for his kindness is but trying a mastery who shall sink down first; and men come from him as from a battle—wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit and business, and makes him more recklessly careless of what becomes of all. Indeed, he dares not enter on a serious thought, or, if he do, it is such melancholy, that it sends him to be drunk again.

The late Rev. Mr. Neil, when taking a walk in the afternoon, saw an old woman sitting by the road-side, evidently much intoxicated. He immediately recognised her to be one of his parishioners. 'Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude man?' said she, as he stopped. 'Fie, fie, Janet,' said the pastor, 'to see the like o' you in such a plight. Do you know where all drunkards go to?' 'Aye, sure,' said Janet, 'they just go whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got.'

Works published since our last notice.—Forster's Bible Preacher, 9s. Crichton's Life of Col. Blackadder, 7s. 6d. Contributions of the late Jane Taylor, 2 vols. 9s. Hewlett's Modern Speaker, 4s. 6d. Taylor's Elements of Algebra, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, 2 vols. 21s. Anatomy of the Brain, 4s. Say's Historical Essay on the British Dominion in India, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Morgan's Emigrant's Note-Book and Guide, 12mo. 7s. 6d. Topography of all the known Vineyards, 12mo. 6s. Butt's Introduction to English Botany, 12mo. 5s.

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